

The Evening World.

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LET IT BE THOROUGH.

TESTIMONY brought out by the Thompson committee in its investigation of the official conduct of Public Service Commissioner Robert C. Wood affords the people of New York further chance to see how their trusted Public Service Commissioners have been esteemed by corporation officials and managers accustomed to dealing with these protectors of the public interest.

According to the President of the Union Switch and Signal Company, a former president and general manager of the concern were anxious to use \$5,000 to buy Commissioner Wood's vote in favor of a subway contract which their company sought. The Public Service Commission stood two to two on the question. The directors of the company, however, declined to sanction the bribe and Wood's vote was subsequently given for a competing concern.

Officers of the signal company, be it noted, regarded it as a natural thing to try to purchase favors from a Public Service Commissioner whom they had previously paid for services rendered their corporation before he took office.

Here is further measure of the extent to which the functions of the commission have been perverted and discredited owing to the kind of men who have exercised them. Overhauling must the more be thorough. Not until the Public Service Commissioners are cleared of the last suspicion of entanglement with special interests, not until there ceases to be the slightest ground for any corporation whatever to expect from any commissioner aught beyond justice, can rehabilitation be complete.

Gov. Whitman's part of the job has barely begun.

Retreat of Allies Effected With Skill.—Headline.
Too well done it might become a habit.

CALKS FOR ALL HORSES.

THESE are hard days for horses. Since the storm one can hardly walk a block without seeing some poor animal flat on the icy pavement. Others that do not fall, slip and strain in the effort to move heavy loads.

Apparently hundreds of owners and drivers in this city do not think it worth while to fit their horses' feet in winter with one of the many available appliances that afford a foothold on ice. Long lines of trolley cars are held up every hour in various thoroughfares because improperly shod horses cannot drag heavy trucks over ice and snow.

If neither mercy nor the saving of their own time have any weight with inconsiderate owners, then the public interest must intervene.

The Evening World suggests the time has come to pass an ordinance requiring that all work horses in the city shall be calked shod between Nov. 1 and March 1.

Winter traffic in New York would greatly benefit by such a rule as well as the unfortunate beasts, which suffer most from this form of neglect.

In a jeweller's window on Fifth Avenue is a smooth, shiny cylindrical object of nickel or silver curving to a point at the top. The thing it looks to be is wrecking churches and tearing human bodies asunder in Europe. This is a cocktail shaker. Up to date, is it not?

Little boys may play with something livelier than lead soldiers this Christmas. A new and cunning toy is a warship which floats bravely in the bathtub until a darling submarine hits it at a critical spot with a torpedo and sends it to the bottom. A regular little Lusitania.

After all, what cute ideas war furnishes!

THE DETROIT THEORY.

THE Police Commissioner of New York maintains that most automobile accidents in the city are due to the carelessness of pedestrians.

The Police Commissioner of Detroit holds that the frequency of such accidents varies inversely with the amount of care exercised by motorists.

In Detroit the head of the police works on this theory:

"Don't blame the poor pedestrian. He has been walking safely across street corners for 1,900 years. Now that a new pestilence that stalketh at noonday upon public thoroughfares has been discovered, he is expected to revise his mode of living over night to save himself from destruction. It isn't fair."

"Men and women come first. The automobile is little more than a decade old. Let the autist adjust himself to old time customs. Let him exercise consideration and common sense."

This Detroit theory may be all wrong. But nobody will deny that Detroit knows something about automobiles. It has 40,000 of them licensed to run in its streets. And the way its Police Commissioner's theory has worked out is that there has not been a single fatal automobile accident in Detroit's business sections this year.

When it comes to results, what does the Police Commissioner of New York think they prove?

Hits From Sharp Wits

One of the easiest things that the average individual does in these days is to suggest ways and means of reforming everything under the sun.—Pittsburgh Sun.

If a man is a fool there is no such chance as keeping him quiet.—Houston Post.

One absolutely guaranteed fool-proof safety-first "don't" for hunters: Don't go hunting.

When some folks say they want a chance they mean they want an advantage.

Scientists say it is the will that keeps some people alive. The pessimistic bear says so too.—Nashville Banner.

There is always an even chance that what is put off will not be done at all.

It is perfectly useless to tell another that he is going to make a mistake even when you are absolutely certain. He will believe only when he finds that he has made it.—Albany Journal.

Some people go to the moving picture theatres to listen to the gossip of those sitting near them, while others go to see the pictures.—Macon News.

Whenever a fellow strikes you for a loan, hit him back, only harder.

Getting a cure for a cold is the easiest thing in the world, but curing it is the hardest.—Macon News.

There are more self-made men than self-made men.

With the whole army industry is a new industry.—Deseret News.

Labor Lost!



Domestic Mud-Slinging

By Sophie Irene Loeb

WOMAN came to me the other day bawling the fact that she had to move from the neighborhood in which she lived. Her story was the story of many a couple who indulge in domestic mud-slinging during heated anger.

This husband and wife are devoted to each other, but occasionally have had little differences. They usually settled these and all became lovely again. But very recently, on one occasion, they seemed unable to fix up their dispute and agreed to separate forever—the same old story.

Whereupon the wife, seeking the sympathy of her neighbors, went among them and told how much abused she was and what a terrible "brute" her husband was. She paraded all his bad habits and faults to the populace for the purpose of getting it pity. In fact, she went further than the actual facts warranted and made mountains out of molehills. From her talk, you would have thought that her husband was the Evil One personified.

In order to defend himself the "brute husband," when approached by his own neighbors on the subject, could not refrain from casting some blame on his wife and telling about some of her shortcomings. Thus, everybody knew all the details of the family's trouble.

He stayed away from home, and she proceeded to a lawyer to find ways and means of leaving him forever, &c., &c. As matters turned out this woman happened to choose a good lawyer—a man who knew the human game and wanted to be a mediator rather than a money-maker. Somehow he knew that the woman did not want a divorce as much as she wanted good sound advice. He told her to search her own heart and be honest with it. Then he went to the husband and urged him to take issue with himself and find out if this breaking-up process was really what he wanted.

The lawyer's diagnosis proved correct; and divorce was the farthest thing from the real desires of these people, who had temporarily disagreed. Thus the couple came to gether again, and now are very happy in a reconciliation that they claim will last "until death do them part." In a word, they adjusted their grievances and all is going well with them now. The wife feels badly about it. The couple are ashamed of what they said about each other to others. Everywhere they go, among their friends, they realize that, although they have forgotten their own differences, their friends haven't, and still look upon them with questioning manner, if not amusement.

The wife feels badly about it. However, if she has to move out of an environment that she used to like, it is her own fault. Telling one's family trials to outsiders, in a sentimental way, never got anybody anything but

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

ND now, my darling, tell Santa Claus what you want."

But at last in the presence of the patron Saint of Christmas ("at his uptown headquarters," as the neighboring store announced in large placards outside), little Miss Jarr hid her face in the folds of her mother's skirt and shrieked from their muffled depths:

"I wanna go home!"

"Now, don't be afraid," said Mrs. Jarr, soothingly, "look at your brother Willie! He isn't afraid." It can safely be wagered that Master Jarr was not afraid. He afterward told the tale to those in his

confidence, the mature Master Izzy Slavinsky, aged twelve, and the worldly-wise Master Johnnie Rangle, aged eleven. "I knowed the store Santa Claus was limpy John when I seen his kidney feet."

When a new boy moved into the neighborhood and had run the gauntlet and had been appraised at his proper worth as a first-class fighting man, and then had been duly introduced to all friends and enemies (including a one-armed night watchman at the lumber yards as a friend, and limpy John as an enemy), the new boy would be given an exposition of the bawling of the latter.

This harrying of the hostile entailed very little trouble and always produced the most satisfactory results. The procedure consisted of going to the delivery entrance of the store, on a side street, and selecting the first empty packing case on the sidewalk and beating upon it lustily with clubs until the whole neighborhood was deafened with the reverberations. This deafening tattoo would last for long or short periods, according to the distance the challenged porter might be from the sound centre. But sooner or later out he would charge upon his enemies.

Whereupon the demoniac youths of the neighborhood would promptly throw their sticks at the legs of the charging porter, which never failed to trip him full in his mad career. Whereupon the young savages would rush away, yelling in joyous derision: "Yal! Kidney feet, kidney feet!"

So Master Jarr gazed upon the protuberant pedal extremities of the enemy of his clan and sneered.

Willie, thus being between the good Saint and Mrs. Jarr, and the little girl still hiding her eyes against her mother's dress, gave Mrs. Jarr opportunity to regard the Uptown Santa Claus with a basilisk glance.

By the stains on the good Saint's whiskers, Mrs. Jarr could see he had been indulging in that filthy weed, tobacco. Santa Claus read the meaning of the glance. Other fond mothers had gazed with the same displeasure all that day and the day before.

"Youse kids, heat it to dey counter," said good Saint Nick in a husky voice. "If youse has been good kids you git what your fadder and nodder buys fer youse," continued Santa Claus, "and if youse is tough buys, like some of dey young fellers around here is, upstating packers boxes an' hollerin' at people, youse don't get nutting, see!"

Master Jarr assumed an angelic expression of mingled faith, hope and

Sayings of Mrs. Solomon
By Helen Rowland

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NOW, my Daughter, a certain Grass Widow of Gotham met the wife of her former Husband at a violet tea.

And the Happy Wife said unto the Bereaved One:

"Come, let us forget old scores; for behold, this is the Season of Love and Good Will, and WHY shall two Modern Women quarrel over a Mere Man? Come thou, then, and dine with US upon Christmas Day. For what is Yuletide without a HUSBAND?"

But the Grass Widow shook her head and answered sorrowfully, saying:

"Sister, thou art indeed of a sweet and generous spirit, that thou wouldst share thy joys and 'our husband' with me! Yea, verily, verily, I know that Christmas shall seem exceeding strange and empty unto me.

"For I shall have NOBODY to tie up parcels and cut his fingers with the string, and to letter the addresses and cover himself with ink, and to litter the floor with excelsior!

"I shall have nobody to put up the Christmas tree—and pull it down on top of himself at the last moment; and nobody to wind up the children's toys, and amuse himself therewith all afternoon. And nobody to come in at 2 O. M. on Christmas Eve, with his hat on one side, and tell me how 'perfly WONDERFUL' I am!

"And nobody's sisters and cousins and aunts and nieces and nephews for whom to buy toys and presents and work baskets and door stops and bookmarks and hatpin holders and JUNK!

"And nobody to carve the turkey and cover the table with wings and gravy and cures. And nobody to put to bed, AFTER dinner, and to dose with pepsi and hot water and ginger and sympathy. And nobody to set himself on fire when he lighteth the Christmas candles.

"And nobody to hang the holly—and revile me, when he steppeth with his bare feet upon a fallen leaf. And nobody to gaze wonderingly at the gift upon which I have spent weeks of loving thought and labor for his sake and say: 'Yes, Darling, but what is this "Thing" FOR!'

"Verily, verily, it is These-Little-Things that make home seem HOME-LIKE! Yet, for once, shall I forego them, that I may know the meaning of 'PEACE on earth!'

But the Wife arose and admonished her, saying:

"Go to, thou Foolish One! Be content with thy Solitude and 'Peace on earth!' But as for ME, I prefer an Husband, and 'Good Will toward MEN!'

Selah!

Things You Should Know

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Why Many Middle-Aged Men Break Down.

WITH knowledge absolutely unknown to former generations, we ought, as a people, to live long. A creature having taken about twenty-five years to mature has no business to be unfit at fifty. Why are so many?

At about forty it behoves a man to pay attention to what he eats and drinks and does. This applies particularly to those doing little manual labor, as the dangers of middle life are greater to them.

At fifty waste is greater than repair; so less food is needed. As a rule, we eat too much and exercise too little, and grow stout by not working off the excess as we did earlier in life. As we near fifty, our overworked machinery is apt to grow rusty; the blood loses some of its richness and the blood vessels their elasticity. While exercise was never more necessary than now, it should be a less

violent kind than taken at thirty-five. Two meals daily are better than three and make for a clearer head. The body needs more water, so drink and bathe more to dissolve the body poisons and render them out. If a hearty breakfast is taken, reduce the lunch to a mere apology.

Compare a business man's life a generation or two ago with life today. Then men walked to and from business; they dined at noon, taking more exercise going to and from dinner; a light supper at night, and they were asleep before midnight.

To-day distances oblige city men to ride to and from business; they take a hurried meal at noon, the heavy meal of the day coming at night when they are tired. Safe to assume that many of them go out and eat again before midnight—thinkable combination—and then they sleep without having done one sane thing all day to assist nature dispose of that food. Nature demands intelligent co-operation, and does she have it?

A pedestal might add to the beauty of the library or boudoir. These come in all prices both in wood and marble, and a bust added will make quite a worth while gift. Then there are the low jardiniere pedestals. These are a wide variety in design. If a handsome fern or palm is placed into the jar the woman who is working for a pretty home will be delighted with the gift.

If she likes posies about the house why not get one of those bush daffodils. These come in pretty shades of blue, green and brown and are packed in boxes with directions, the cover bearing an appropriate sentiment. A good sized dish is \$2. One with a hyacinth bulb is \$1.75 and in the same way, similarly packed, are the tulips—these are for just a single blossom—these are \$1.25.

A fern dish in Austrian china, decorated in dainty floral designs, \$2.25, and when filled makes a nice gift.

Jungle Tales for Children.

ONE afternoon Jimmy Monkey had nothing to do, so he jumped over to see the Baby Baboon.

"Go right upstairs to the little fellow's room," said Mrs. Baboon to Jimmy.

When Jimmy had climbed up the banisters and arrived at the Baby Baboon's room a funny sight greeted

his eyes, for in front of the looking glass stood the little fellow snuffing rags into his trousers.

"What on earth are you doing?" asked Jimmy.

"I have a hole in my trousers and I was stopping it up," replied the little fellow. Then he added, "What are you laughing at?"

"I am laughing at the hole in your trousers," replied Jimmy.

Outside the store Santa Claus fell prone, and upon the unmade ears of all there smote a mocking cry in the distance from Master Jarr:

"Yal! Kidney feet, kidney feet!"

No parent or little girl of the neighborhood believes Willie Jarr will get a thing for Christmas!